

Buck's New Adventure (Sorta)

by Buckminster Rules 777

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Summary: Buck is suffering from an extreme case of loneliness starting when the herd left his underground paradise. To erase the pain of loneliness, Buck decides to pay the herd a visit. During the journey, Buck becomes ill. He hadn't been sick for years. What will happen when, for the first time in a long time, he has friends to care for him? PS: I got this idea from a dream that I had.

1. Prologue

It has been a few years since the herd traveled to the dino world in search of Sid. Life has been going on. The herd is safe and sound above the ice. And where's Buck? Still battling it out with Rudy. Everything is perfect.

Or so it seems. After all, even a crazy weasel like Buck can experience loneliness. Whenever he's not battling Rudy, his mind is on the herd. What are they up to right now? He continues to wonder. Well, Buck is about to find out.

2. Chapter 1: Decision and Journey

Deep in the dino world, atop Rudy's head, a brown dot could be seen. Whooping and excited laughter can also be heard. You guessed it! That's where I am. The name's Buck, short for Buckminster and long for Buh. I have lived in this Jurassic world for years. Alone. Oh well! I'm used to being alone! Except for my daily battles with Rudy, that is.

As soon as I finish tying Rudy up (again), I climb inside my tree. Everything is as I left it. I'm lucky that no scavengers ransacked my home again. By the wayâ€|don't ask. The story is somewhat humiliating.

I sit on my nest, thinking. I hate that! Every time I finish my

battles, my mind has more room for sanity! Even still, I contemplate some things. Of course, I love this deadly paradise. I can't help but feel a little lonely, though. It has been a while since I've had anyone to care about or to care about me. The loneliness only got worse when my pineapple wife left me for broccoli, of all vegetables!

My eye waters. I feel a tear roll down my left cheek. I sniffle and whimper slightly, my eye burning. Finally, I brush the tears away from my face. Determination takes the place of depression. I know what to do to erase my loneliness. I'll pay a visit to the world above. Maybe that strange herd will let me stay with them for a few days. I'll leave right now. I grab my knife and some food. Then, I start heading towards the world above the ice.

Not long into the journey, I find myself in yet another chase. Velociraptors are chasing me. I swing myself up into the tree branches and hide from the Raptors. They sniff around the trees, confused. Finding no trail, they give up and leave. I jump out of the tree. I grant myself a little time to snicker at the stupidity of the Raptors.

After a few minutes, though, I remember the journey that I'm embarking on. I don't have the time to gloat. Gripping my knife tightly in my right paw, I continue onward.

3. Chapter 2: Illness

I'm still making my way towards the world above the ice. It's dark inside the exit tunnel. I have to feel around. I curse softly when I stub my paw on a stone. I stumble forward. A light appears at the end of the tunnel. I smile. I run towards the light.

When I exit the tunnel, I am blinded by the light reflecting off the snow. I am also shocked by the cold. I haven't had a winter coat in years, so it stands to reason that I'd be this cold.

I shiver and give a small sneeze. I look around to see that things got worse. Instead of coming out anywhere near where the herd should be, I came out at a location a couple of days away. I'll have a lot of walking to do until I find the herd.

I set off north, towards where I assume the herd is. After all, it wasn't like I was ever there before. I can only guess the location of the herd. Hopefully, my guess will prove correct. Otherwise, I'll find myself lost.

A few hours into walking, I feel completely frozen. My body is numb. I'm shivering. I sneeze a lot and am developing a nasty cough. I hope it doesn't grow into anything too serious. I hate getting sick.

I look up and spot a cave. As it is getting dark, I decide that the cave will make a good place to spend the night. I dart inside to find a much warmer space. I curl up on the cave floor. I shiver and cough into my paw. I'm starting to feel sicker with each passing minute. I decide that sleep is the best option. I close my eye and, after much trying, manage to fall asleep.

The next morning, I wake to find that I feel worse. My cough is even

nastier. My sneezing will hardly stop. My head is pounding. Even my stomach is twisting with nausea. I raise my head slightly from the cave floor. I groan when I feel the sharp pains in my stomach. Without warning, my stomach lurches. I lean over and begin vomiting. I heave and retch, bringing up the contents of my stomach.

After a while, I stop vomiting. I rub my arm over my face, wiping the vomit away. A whimper forces itself past my lips. I find that I have tears in my eye. I sniffle and whimper, allowing the tears to fall. I cover my eye as I begin to cry. I can't help it. I know that I'm supposed to be strong, but I haven't been sick for years. I'm not used to it.

After a few minutes of crying, I wipe my tears away. I decide, against my better judgment, to continue with the journey. I stumble to my paws, wobbling slightly. Ignoring my pounding head and my still present nausea, I continue on my journey north. I hate the fact that the herd will see me this way, but maybe they'll help me. They are my friends, after all. At least, I think they're my friends. I am fairly confident that the herd will help me through this. I just have to believe.

4. Chapter 3: Reunion

I have been traveling for a while, though I'm still sick. Now, I am nearly there. I'm sure the herd will be surprised when they see me. We hadn't seen each other in quite a few years.

I continue on. However, my nausea has been slowing me down considerably. I had to stop quite a few times to vomit. I hope that all traces are gone from my face. I don't want the herd to see me like that.

Finally, I spot the familiar faces of the herd. They turn towards me and gasp in shock. "Buck!" They run towards me and skid to a stop.

"'ey, ev'rybody!" I smile, still ignoring my growing nausea.

Ellie is the first one to notice that something's wrong. "Are you feeling alright?" She asks. Worry is clear in her eyes.

"'m fine," I lie.

Ellie doesn't buy it, especially since I'm shaking. "Buck, you look sick," she deadpans.

"'m jus' no' used ta th' weather up 'ere, tha's all!" I wave Ellie's concern off with a fake cheerful smile.

My illness becomes harder to hide, though, when the nausea grows even more. I groan, wrapping my right arm around my stomach. I can feel sharp pains assaulting my stomach. Before I can stop myself, I fall to my knees and begin to vomit onto the snow. My breathing is ragged as I continue to heave and retch. I let out a high pitched whine when my stomach continues to release all of its contents.

When I finish vomiting, I become aware of something touching my shoulders. I look to see that Ellie has wrapped her trunk around me.

I feel heat rise in my cheeks. I look away, whimpering softly from both embarrassment and pain.

Ellie notices the look in my eye. "It's okay, Buck. We don't think less of you. We're just worried about you, that's all," Ellie smiles while saying that.

I whimper a little more. "I'm no' used ta thi' I 'aven't bin sick fer years!" I groan.

"I understand. You don't have to be used to it, though. We'll help you," Ellie offers.

"Thanks, Ellie," I whisper hoarsely.

"You're welcome, Buck. Now, I'll carry you on my back, if you want," Ellie suggests.

I nod my head. "'kay," I reply, breaking off with a cough.

Ellie picks me up with her trunk and places me gently on her back. I curl up in the warmth of Ellie's fur. I sniffle and groan, shivering from the cold. I feel Ellie place her trunk over me in a comforting gesture. I smile a bit before yawning. I close my eye and drift off to sleep.

I wake up again only a few minutes later. The pain makes it impossible to sleep. I am still riding on Ellie. My stomach is seizing with nausea. I gasp. "Ellie, I think I think 'm gonna throw up!" I groan.

Ellie picks me up with her trunk and lowers me to the ground. My stomach lurches. I lean forward and begin vomiting. I heave and retch, bringing up the contents of my stomach. I cough, choking on the vomit that's still rising from my throat. I feel Ellie patting me on the back with her trunk in an effort to stop my choking.

After a while, I stop vomiting. Ellie wraps her trunk around me. I rest my head against Ellie's trunk, exhausted after vomiting. I sigh. "Ellie, le's ge' outta 'ere!" I whisper.

"Alright. Just get some sleep. We'll help you," Ellie smiles warmly at me.

I slowly nod my head. I wait for Ellie to place me back on her back. I curl up in a shivering, sickly ball of fur. I close my partly reddened eye. I am asleep yet again in only a few seconds.

End
file.